

Cap'n Warren's Wards

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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THE CAPTAIN STARTS OUT TO DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING ON HIS OWN HOOK.

Synopsis.—Atwood Graves, New York lawyer, goes to South Densboro, Cape Cod, to see Captain Elisha Warren. Caught in a terrific storm while on the way, he meets Cap'n Warren by accident and goes with the latter to his home. The lawyer informs Cap'n Warren that his brother, whom he had not seen for eighteen years, has died and named him as guardian of his two children, Caroline aged twenty, and Stephen, aged nineteen. The captain tells Graves he will go to New York and look over the situation before deciding whether he will accept the trust. The captain's arrival in New York causes consternation among his wards and their aristocratic friends.

CHAPTER V.

The Captain Makes a Friend.

FIVE minutes later he was at the street corner inquiring of a policeman "the handiest way to get to Pine street." Following the directions given, he boarded a train at the nearest subway station, emerged at Wall street, inquired once more, located the street he was looking for and, consulting a card which he took from a big stained leather pocketbook, walked on, peering at the numbers of the buildings he passed.

The offices of Sylvester, Kuhn & Graves were on the sixteenth floor of a new and gorgeously appointed skyscraper. When Captain Elisha entered the firm's reception room he was accosted by a wide awake and extremely self possessed office boy.

Informed by the none too courteous lad that none of the firm was in, he left his card, saying he'd return later. Captain Elisha strolled down Pine street, looking about him with interest. It had been years since he visited this locality, and the changes were many. Soon, however, he began to recognize familiar landmarks. He was approaching the water front, and there were fewer new buildings. When he reached South street he was thoroughly at home.

The docks were crowded. The river was alive with small craft of all kinds. Steamers and schooners were plenty, but the captain missed the old square riggers, the clipper ships and barks, such as he had sailed in as cabin boy, as foremast hand and later command on many seas.

At length, however, he saw four masts towering above the roof of a freight house. They were not schooner rigged, those masts. The yards were set square across, and along with them were furled royals and upper topmasts. Here at last was a craft worth looking at. Captain Elisha crossed the street, hurried past the covered freight house and saw a magnificent great ship lying beside a broad, open wharf. Down the wharf he walked, joyfully, as one who greets an old friend.

The wharf was practically deserted. An ancient watchman was dozing in a sort of sentry box, but he did not wake. There was a pile of foreign looking crates and boxes at the farther end of the pier, evidently the last bit of cargo waiting to be carted away. The captain inspected the pile, recognized the goods as Chinese and Japanese, then read the name on the big ship's stern. She was the Empress of the Ocean, and her home port was Liverpool.

The captain strolled about, looking her over. The number of improvements since his seagoing days was astonishing. He was standing by the wheel, near the companionway, wishing that he might inspect the officers' quarters, but not liking to do so without an invitation, when two men emerged from the cabin.

One of the pair was evidently the Japanese steward of the ship. The other was a tall, clean cut young fellow, whose general appearance and lack of amibum showed quite plainly that he was not a seafaring man by profession. He said he was a friend of one of the consignees and would be pleased to show the captain over the ship.

Captain Elisha, delighted with the opportunity, expressed his thanks, and the tour of inspection began. The steward remained on deck, but the captain and his new acquaintance strolled through the officers' quarters together.

"Jerushy!" exclaimed the former as he viewed the main cabin. "Say, you could pretty high have a dance here, couldn't you? A small one. This reminds me of the cabin aboard the Seagull, first vessel I went mate of—it's so different. Aboard her we had to walk sittin' down. There wa'n't room in the cabin for more'n one to stand up at a time. But she could sail, just the same, and carry it too. I've seen her off the Horn with studd'n sails set when craft twice her length and tonnage had everything furl'd above the tops'l yard. Hi him! You mustn't mind an old salt runnin' on this way. I've been out of the piblek but a good while, but I caltate the brine ain't all out of my system."

His guide's eyes snapped. "I understand," he said, laughing. "I've never been at sea on a long voyage in my life, but I can understand just how you feel. It's in my blood, I guess. I come of a salt water line. My people were from Belfast, Me., and every man of them went to sea."

"Belfast, hey? They turned out

sailed under a Cap'n Pearson from there once. James Pearson his name was."

"He was my great-uncle. I was named for him. My name is James Pearson also."

"What?" Captain Elisha was hugely delighted. "Mr. Pearson, shake hands. I want to tell you that your Uncle Jim was a seaman of the kind you dream about, but seldom meet. I was his second mate three v'yages. My name's Elisha Warren."

Mr. Pearson shook hands and laughed good humoredly.

"Glad to meet you, Captain Warren," he said. "And I'm glad you knew Uncle Sam. As a youngster he was my idol. He could spin yarns that were worth listening to."

"I bet you! He'd seen things with yarnin' about. So you ain't a sailor, hey? Livin' in New York?"

The young man nodded. "Yes," he said. Then, with a dry smile: "If you call occupying a hall bedroom and eating at a third rate boarding house table living. However, it's my own fault. I've been a newspaper man since I left college. But I threw up my job six months ago. Since then I've been free lancing."

"Have, hey?" The captain was too polite to ask further questions, but he had not the slightest idea what "free lancing" might be. Pearson divined his perplexity and explained.

"I've had a feeling," he said, "that I might write magazine articles and stories—yes, possibly a novel or two. It's a serious disease, but the only way to find out whether it's chronic or not is to experiment. That's what I'm doing now. The thing I'm at work on may turn out to be a sea story. So I spend some time around the wharves and aboard the few sailing ships in port picking up material."

Captain Elisha patted him on the back.

"Now, don't you get discouraged," he said. "I used to have an idea that novel writin' and picture paintin' was poverty jobs for men with healthy appetites, but I've changed my mind. I don't know's you'll believe it, but I've just found out for a fact that some painters get \$20,000 for one picture—for one, mind you! And a little rule of a thing, too, that couldn't have cost scarcely anything to paint. Maybe novels sell for just as much. I don't know."

His companion laughed heartily. "I'm afraid not, captain," he said. "Few, at any rate. I should be satisfied with considerably less to begin with. Are you living here in town?"

"Well—live, I don't know. I ain't exactly well, and I ain't exactly boardin'. But, say, ain't that the doctor callin' you?"

It was the steward, and there was an anxious ring in his voice. Pearson excused himself and hurried out of the cabin. Captain Elisha lingered for a final look about. Then he followed leisurely, becoming aware as he reached the open air of loud voices in angry dialogue.

Entrances to the Empress of the Ocean's cabins were on the main deck, and also on the raised half deck at the stern, near the wheel, the binnacle and officers' cornered beef tubs swinging in their frames. From this upper deck two flights of steps led down to the main deck below. At the top of one of these flights stood young Pearson, cool and alert. Behind him half crouched the Japanese steward, evidently very much frightened. At the foot of the steps were grouped three rough looking men, foreigners and sailors without doubt, and partially intoxicated. The three men were an ugly lot, and they were all yelling and jabbering together in a foreign lingo. As the captain emerged from the passage to the open deck he heard Pearson reply in the same language.

"What's the matter?" he asked. Pearson answered without turning his head.

"Drunken sailors," he explained. "Part of the crew here. They've been uptown, got full and come back to square a grudge they seem to have against the steward. I'm telling them they'd better give up and go ashore, if they know when they're well off."

The three fellows by the ladder's foot were consulting together. On the wharf were half a dozen loungers, collected by the prospect of a row.

"If I can hold them off for a few minutes," went on Pearson, "we'll be all right. The wharf watchman has gone for the police. Here, drop it! What are you up to?"

One of the sailors had drawn a knife. The other two reached for their belts

behind, evidently intending to follow suit. From the loafers on the wharf came shouts of encouragement.

"Do the dude up, Pedro! Give him what's comin' to him."

The trio formed for a rush. The steward, with a shrill scream, fled to the cabin. Pearson did not move. He even smiled. The next moment he was pushed to one side, and Captain Elisha stood at the top of the steps.

"Here!" he said sternly. "What's all this?"

The three sailors, astonished at this unexpected addition to their enemies' forces, hesitated. Pearson laid his hand on the captain's arm.

"Be careful," he said. "They're dangerous."

"Dangerous? Them? I've seen their kind afore. Here, you!" turning to the three below. "What do you mean by this? Put down that knife, you lubber! Do you want to be put in irons? Over the side with you, you swabs! Git!"

He began descending the ladder. Whether the sailors were merely too surprised to resist or because they recognized the authority of the deep sea in Captain Elisha's voice and face is a question. At any rate, as he descended they backed away.

"Mutiny on board a ship of mine!" roared the captain. "What do you mean by it? Why, I'll have you tied up and put on bread and water. Over the side with you! Mutiny on board of me! Live! Tumble up there!"

With every order came a stride forward and a correspondingly backward movement on the part of the three. The performance would have been ridiculous if Pearson had not feared that it might become tragic. He was descending the steps to his new acquaintance's aid when there arose a chorus of shouts from the wharf.

"The cops, the cops! Look out!"

That was the finishing touch. The next moment the three "mutineers" were over the side and running as fast as their alcoholic condition would permit down the wharf.

"Well, by George!" exclaimed Pearson.

Captain Elisha seemed to be coming out of a dream. He stood as if drawn his hand across his forehead, and then began to laugh.

"Well!" he stammered. "Well, I suum! I—I—Mr. Pearson, I wonder what on earth you must think of me. I declare the sight of that gang set me back about twenty years. They—they

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fices of Sylvester, Kuhn & Graves. The clerk who had taken his place was very respectful.

"Captain Warren," he said, "Mr. Sylvester is at the Central club. He wished me to ask if you could conveniently join him there."

Captain Elisha pondered. "Why, yes," he replied slowly. "I s'pose I could. I don't know why I couldn't. Where is this—club of his?"

"On Fifth avenue, near Fifty-second street. I'll send one of our boys with you if you like."

"Oh, no. I can pilot myself, I guess. I ain't so old I can't ask my way."

The captain found the Central club, a ponderous institution occupying a becomingly gorgeous building on the avenue. Mr. Sylvester was expecting him, and they dined in the club restaurant.

"Now, Captain Warren, just how much do you know about your late brother's affairs?" asked Mr. Sylvester at the conclusion of the meal.

"Except what Mr. Graves told me, nothin' of importance. And, afore we go any further, let me ask a question. Do you know why Bijo made me his executor and guardian and all the rest of it?"

"I do not. Graves drew his will, and so, of course, we knew of your existence and your appointment. Your brother forbade our mentioning it, and we did not know until after his death that his own children were unaware they had an uncle. It seems strange, doesn't it?"

"It does to me; so strange that I can't see two lengths ahead. I caltate Mr. Graves told you how I felt about it?"

"Yes. That is, he said you were very much surprised."

"That's puttin' it mild enough. And he told you that Bijo and I hadn't seen each other, or even written, in eighteen years?"

"Yes."

"Um-hm. Well, when you consider that can you wonder I was set all back? And the more I think of it the fogger it gets. Why, Mr. Sylvester, it's one of them situations that are impossible, that you can prove fifty ways can't happen. And yet, it has—it certainly has. Now tell me: Are you or your firm well acquainted with my brother's affairs?"

"Not well, no. The late Mr. Warren was a close mouthed man, rather secretive, in fact. Have you questioned the children?"

"Caroline and Steve? Yes, I've questioned 'em more than they think I have, maybe. And they know—well, leavin' out about the price of oil paintin' and the way to dress and that it's more or less of a disgrace to economize on twenty thousand a year, their worldly knowledge ain't too extensive."

"Do you like them?"

"I guess so. Just now ain't the fairest time to judge 'em. You see, they're sufferin' from the joyful shock of their country relation droppin' in, and—"

He paused and rubbed his chin. His lips were smiling, but his eyes were not. Sylvester noted their expression and guessed many things.

"They haven't been disagreeable. I hope?" he asked.

"No-o. No, I wouldn't want to say that. They're young and—and, well, I ain't the kind they've been used to. Caroline's a nice girl. She is, sure. All she needs is to grow a little older and have the right kind of advice and—"

"How about the boy?" Mr. Sylvester had met young Warren, and his eyes twinkled as he spoke.

"Steve? Well—there was an answerin' twinkle in Captain Elisha's eye—"

"well, Steve needs to grow too, though I wouldn't presume to tell him so. When a feller's undertakin' to give advice to one of the seven wise men he has to be diplomatic, as you might say."

The lawyer put back his head and laughed uproariously.

The captain decided to accept the guardianship of his brother's children. Sylvester is pleased, if some others are not.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Not One Came Down.

The day was dull, as days can be dull, sometimes only in the trenches. Suddenly, high up in the sky, sailing over the lines, was discerned a flock of wild geese. In a moment, rifles were blazing upward from all quarters; even machine guns were requisitioned, while away at the other side of No Man's Land the German, too, was roused to action. But the flock of geese sailed on, their long necks outstretched and their wings rising and falling in undisturbed rhythm. And never a one came down—Christian Science Monitor.

Record Broken.

The total value of the mineral production of the country in 1916 was more than \$3,470,000,000, increasing \$1,078,200,000, or 45 per cent over the \$2,393,800,000 recorded for 1915, and exceeding the former record year (1913) by more than \$1,000,000,000, according to the geological survey, department of the interior.

CHAPTER VI.

"I Think I May Take the Job."

THE boy, Captain Elisha's acquaintance of the morning, was out regaling himself with crullers and apple at a pushcart on Broad street when the captain returned to the of-

The Reason.
"This letter from your son is very short."
"Naturally. So was he when he wrote it."

For speedy and effective action Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" has no equal. One dose only will clean out Worms or Tapeworm. Adv.

Important Discovery.
"How long have they been married?"
"Long enough to discover that they can't both have their own way all the time."

Many a man who howls at pain fulfiness that he suffers in silence.

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it at night and morning, and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and give a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

Failure of a joke is often due to the victim's indignation.

What is Castoria

CASTORIA is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-Good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*



Steals EATONIC

FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE

Cures Him— Comes Back and Pays For It
It's the Acid Test of Man and Eatonic They Both Win!

It taken a big man to stand up and say, "I am wrong and willing to do right"; and it is needless to say that this poor sufferer will not want for EATONIC as long as he lives. To stomach sufferers and those not getting full strength out of their food, suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia, sour stomach, bloaty, gassy feeling after eating, stomach distress of any kind, we say, Go, get a box of EATONIC today, use it according to the directions and you will know what real stomach comfort means. You will be able to eat all the food you want, and all over the head are using EATONIC and testify to its power to heal. If you suffer another day it is your own fault.

EATONIC costs little—a cent or two a day. Buy EATONIC from your druggist.

Send for the "Helo" Book, Address Eaton's Remedy Co., 1015-54 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Most Startling Endorsement Ever Published

Mr. A. W. Cramer, Registered Pharmacist and Druggist of Plano, Illinois, writes under date of December 12, 1916:

"Eatonic Remedy Co., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—The following incident which happened in my place of business I know will be of great interest to you, and, I hope, of great benefit to humanity, morally and physically.

I keep a quantity of EATONIC piled on my show case. I recently missed a box and knowing neither myself nor clerk had sold it, I could not account for its disappearance. Yesterday morning a man walked into my store and said: "Mr. Cramer, I owe you fifty cents for a box of EATONIC which I stole from your show case. I am bothered with stomach trouble and, not having the money to spare to get a box, I took it. EATONIC has done me so much good my conscience bothered me until I had to come back and pay for it."

This is the most wonderful testimonial statement in all my experience in the interest of any preparation. It is positive proof to my mind that EATONIC is all that is claimed for it. If it had not helped this man his conscience would have left him unmoored. Very truly yours,

A. W. Cramer.

WHAT CONSTIPATION MEANS

It means a miserable condition of ill health that leads to all sorts of special ailments such as headache, backache, dyspepsia, dizziness, indigestion, pains of various kinds, piles and numerous other disorders—CONSTIPATION is a crime against nature, and no human being can be well for any length of time while constipated. DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS is the remedy and has been used successfully all over this country for 72 years. Get a box and see how it feels to have your liver and bowels resume their health-giving natural functions. For sale at all druggists and dealers everywhere.

Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills

THEN HE STRAIGHTENED UP

General's Indignation Probably Made Him Forget His Aching Back for a Few Moments.

A newly arrived general stepped out of the staff car and was "taken over" by the guide who was to lead him to this particular part of his tour of inspection. The two went forward alone, and very soon the guide made a sign, and whispered to the general to leave the duck boards and come close in to the hedge. The general was tall, and he bent low to keep his head from showing above the hedge.

Now and again the general whispered a question and the guide whispered in reply. The former began to feel a pain in the back through so long maintaining a bent position.

"How far away is the nearest Boche?" whispered the general, thinking he might straighten his back and risk a sniper's bullet.

"About four miles," whispered the guide.

"Then what the deuce are you whispering for?" roared the general.

"Can't help it, sir. Been like it for three weeks. Worst cold I've ever had."

Lots of women have a perfectly delightful way of being mean.

You can't convince a girl that she is not in love until after she gets him.

When you think of Wheat-Saving foods, think of **POST TOASTIES**—SUPERIOR CORN FLAKES—says Bobby

ASTHMA
DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

Dr. J. D. KELLOGG'S REMEDY

Rely On Cuticura To Clear Pimples
Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c.

100 Per Cent on LIBERTY BONDS
100% interest on Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps possible. We want \$250,000 worth at face value in denominations of \$50 and upwards, NO LIMIT. Write quick what you have.

JOHN H. CAIN & CO.
Suite 200 Elks Bldg. Brownwood, Texas

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and 7